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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"THE GOLDEN-ROD."

I wander'd thro' the valley fair,
The Golden-Rod was waving here;
And nodding to the breeze;
It gladden'd the September day;
I heard a dream voice gently say:
"King Solomon in rich array,
Was not like one of these."
Back thro' the past, long years ago,
When Boone and Kenton struck the blow
That sealed the red man's doom:
One night beside Kentucky's stream,
Beneath the pale moon's silvery beam
Was dug a warrior's tomb.
A chieftain's son was he that died
In fighting by his father's side,
And near his new-made grave
The warriors gathered, and among
Them was a maiden lithe and young,
Her love throughout her life had clung
Around the warrior brave.

It was the Indian girl wept there,
And o'er the grave her glossy hair
Was falling as she wept;
The mellow morn came stealing thro'
The willows laden with the dew;
But still her voice was calling to
Her lover brave who slept.
The morning dawned, the maiden gave
One lingering look and left the grave
Where slept her only god:
But ere the sun had sunk to rest
Behind the hills in the west,
She planted o'er her lover's breast
The rich-budded Golden-Rod.

The winter came and when the snow
Fell o'er the field they laid her low
Beside her warrior brave,
Her lips smiled softly when she told
Her people and her mother old
To also plant the flower of gold
Some day upon her grave.

The tribe soon wandered far away,
And Golden-Rod blooms there to-day,
And may it ever bloom
In old Kentucky, and at last
When I am numbered with the past,
I trust some gentle hand will cast
This flower upon my tomb.

"THE NARROW WORLD."

Something had happened!
There was such a rosy flush on
her cheek, so bright a gleam in her
eye, and on his face such an utter
abandon of joy, that any one—
even a man—could have guessed
the truth. Fortunately they had
chosen the hill road, the least
traveled of all that led down from
the Montecito valley into Santa
Barbara, and for the first half hour
after the event they met no one.

It was what the inhabitants of
the Channel City call a "genuine
Santa Barbara day." The sun
shone warm and bright, and a soft,
perfumed breeze came out of the
west. There was June in the air,
although the calendar was set for
midwinter. The birds sang in the
trees above them, the squirrels
chirped from the hillside, and their
horses, wandering at times from
the road, sank to the knee in a
waving sea of flowers.

"First of all," she said, breaking
the silence of a whole minute, "you
must tell me father."

"Certainly," said the young man.
Who's afraid?"

"You have never seen papa do the
role of the cruel parent," said the
girl; "he can be quite a dragon.
As you are a kinsman, however—"

"A fifth cousin," cried the young
man, with a laugh.

"Well, fifth cousins are better
than nothing aren't they?"

"Truly; how else should we be
here to day?" Then the young man
added with peculiar and significant
emphasis: "I am inclined to pride
myself on that little scheme."

The girl brought her horse to a
sudden stop and turned her clear
brown eyes, half opened under their
long lashes, upon her companion.
"That little scheme," she re-
peated, slowly. "I don't under-
stand."

The young man laughed uneasily.
"Why, Catherine," said he, "you
don't mean that you have believed
in the entertaining fiction about
our great-great, et cetera, grand-
father?"

"Old Ebenezer Strong?" ex-
claimed the girl. "How dare you
call him fictitious, when I saw his
portrait at my own grand-
mother's?"

"As your ancestor, my dear one,
he is an undoubted reality—but as
mine, I regret to say, he is merely
a figment of your worthy father's
imagination. In short—I would
fain break it to you as gently as
possible—we are not fifth cousins
at all, but just plain, ordinary—"

"Not fifth cousins!"
"No, darling; and if you are
going to faint, please fall on this
side, with your head right here on
my shoulder."

"I won't! Wretched boy, how
could you deceive poor papa so?"

"I didn't deceive him. He
deceived himself. From the very
beginning of our acquaintance he
seemed determined to locate me
somewhere on the Weston family
tree, and you aided and abetted
him in the attempt."

"Richard Strong, how can you?"
"I have a sweet and gentle dis-
position, and when he asked me if
I was not descended from Ebenezer
Strong, of West Brighton Center,
and you looked at me so appeal-
ingly—"

"I didn't do any such thing!"
"Why shouldn't I assent? I
have doubtless had several hundred
ancestors named Strong, and I took
the chances that some one of them
rejoiced in the premonition of Ebene-
zer. It is just the sort of a name
that my forefathers were given to
putting upon themselves as an ef-
fective and continuous mortification
to the flesh. A horsehair shirt now
would be nothing to it."

"You may laugh if it please
you," said the girl severely, "but
if papa had known you were not a
relative we should not be riding
alone together. He generally dis-
approves Eastern people who spend
the winter at the hotel."

"If you really feel that I have
been guilty of false pretenses,"
said the young man, drawing up
his horse a little nearer, "suppose
we begin all over again."

"Keep your distance, sir!" ex-
claimed the girl, steering to the op-
posite side of the road. "If we
are to start afresh, let it be from
the very beginning, three weeks
ago."

"Now, as to your father," re-
sumed the young man, "I think I
understand him pretty well, be-
cause my one and only parent, the
governor himself, is constructed on
much the same plan. Wherever he
goes he is continually in search of
the lost tribes of the Strong genea-
logy. The last letter I had from him
in Colorado, where he is spending
the winter, contained the announce-
ment that he had unearthed four
or five new cousins—choice speci-
mens, I doubt not, that he will ex-
pect me to meet and embrace on my
way home. Perhaps it was wrong,"
he continued, after a moment of re-
flection, "to play upon that little
peculiarity of your father's to get
into his good graces, but you must
consider the extraordinary provoca-
tion, dear. It seemed like my only
chance—are you sorry I took it?"

She looked her answer, but did
not speak it, and then, avoiding
the hand extended to seize her own,
she struck her horse a light blow
and dashed down the road ahead.

A long, even center in silence
followed, and they were well into
town before the conversation began
again. There, fearful of obser-
vation they spoke in common-
places.

They turned into State Street,
and stopped at the post office, the
morning's mail having constituted
the chief cause for the trip to town.
Richard Strong dismounted and
presently returned with a letter in
his hand.

"None for you," said he.
"This is for me, from the gover-
nor. I'll wager it has something
in it about cousins."

"Let me see," said the girl,
holding out her hand. He tore the
letter open and gave it to her.
Then he swung himself into his
saddle, and they started slowly
down the street.

Suddenly the girl gave a faint
cry.

"Papa has been writing to him?"
she exclaimed in a tone of sweet
anxiety.

"Writing to him? What for?"

"He has asked him to pay us a
visit on the score of relationship,
and your father—"

"Well?" said the young man
excitedly.

"He says he will start immedi-
ately—the very next day."

"Let me see the date of the letter,
Ye gods! It has been delayed! He
must have got here this morning!"

"The train has been two hours,"
she said, glancing at her watch.

"I must see him immediately,"
he said, nervously turning his horse
one way and then another. "Who
would have dreamed that both the
old boys would take that cousinship
so seriously?"

"I did, sir. I knew from the
very beginning that it would
make trouble some time."

"From the very beginning?"
repeated the young man, pausing
in his excitement long enough to
note the force of this chance admis-
sion.

"So you acknowledge, do you—"
"There's the hotel 'bus," cried
the girl, hastily changing the sub-
ject. "Perhaps the driver can tell
us something."

A long, empty vehicle was pass-
ing them on its way up the street,
Strong called to driver and he
stopped.

"Did you bring up a tall gentle-
man this morning, with a white
mustache and a goatee and eye-
glasses?"

"Yes, sir. Your father, don't
you mean?"

The young people exchanged
startled glances.

"How did you know?"
"He was inquiring for you, sir,
as soon as ever he got to the hotel;
and when he found you were gone,
he went and hired a buggy."

"A buggy—what for?"

"He asked the way to Judge
Weston's place in the Montecito.
He said the Judge was a near re-
lative of this a near relative!"

groaned the horrified Strong, while
his companion turned away her
face, although whether to conceal a
look of anguish or a laugh will
never be known.

The omnibus proceeded on its
way.

"We must hurry," said the
young man, spurring his horse to a
canter.

"The less time they have to-
gether before explanations are
made the better."

"What do you think they will
do?" asked the girl.

"I don't dare to think. You see
on everything except this family
tree business our respective parents
are as far apart as civilized
humans can be. Your father,
now, is an elder in the church,
while mine has lost all the religion
he ever had; and he has never re-
covered from the habit of using
swear words acquired during years
of service in the regular army."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"
"Then, again, Judge Weston is
an ardent Republican."

"And is your father a Demo-
rat?"

"Worse—he is a Mugwump."

"How interesting! I have
always longer to see one of them."

"And my father believes that it
was Bacon who wrote Shakespeare's
plays."

"Heaven! Let us ride faster.
Papa will have slain him before we
are there."

"Really, Catherine," said the
young man, when they had slack-
ened their pace to climb the hill,
"it would not surprise me if they
positively refused to enter into
partnership as fathers-in-law."

"Never mind, Richard," said the
girl, smilingly. "Father has never
yet refused me anything, when my
happiness was at stake—as it is
now."

Strong shrugged his shoulders.

"Mine has," he answered. "He is
made of flint, the old General; and
if he would take it into his head to
say No, it would be awkward in
ways I don't like to mention."

"Never mind," said the girl,
smiling again and lifting her veil
to the rim of the jaunty sailor hat.

And a moment later the young
man felt much encouraged, and the
gallop resumed.

On a slight knoll, surrounded by
a grove of live oaks, and faced
with an avenue of old palms, there
stood the ample residence of Judge
Weston. As the young people
came through the gate and entered
upon the graveled roadway, they
observed two elderly gentlemen
emerge from a small forest of rose
bushes and start briskly down the
path toward them. Presently the
shorter of the two took his com-
panion's arm, and they walked along
in evident peace and amity.

"They haven't found it out yet,"
the young man whispered.

Judge Weston assisted his
daughter to alight. "Catherine,"
said he, "this is General Strong,
the father of our young friend."

The General bent low in an old-
fashioned obeisance, and Miss Cat-
herine instinctively made him a
courtesy out of the minut.

"Father!"

"Dick my dear boy!"

"See here!" exclaimed the Judge,
suddenly. "You were mistaken
Richard, in what you tell me about
old Ebenezer Strong."

The young man braced himself
for a struggle.

"And to think, Dick," cried the
General, reproachfully, "that you
never once mentioned to the Judge
that your great-great grandfather,
Hezekiah Strong, married a Wes-
ton."

"And that brings us even nearer
than we had supposed," added the
Judge.

"Fourth cousins instead of fifth."

"It was stupid of me to forget
that," said the young man, huskily.

"And now that I have seen Miss
Catherine," said the General, tak-
ing her hand and passing his arm
about her waist, "my only regret is
that our relationship is not several
degrees nearer yet."

Then Catherine looked at Richard and he
told what had happened on the way
to town. Straightaway there was
a great amount of handshaking and
a good deal of kissing done in broad
daylight under the palms.—*Land
of Sunshine.*

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION

IN THE MOVEMENT OF THE DANCE—
SENTIMENTS OF THE POETS EM-
BODIED Pantomimically—
THOUGHTS, MUSIC AND PHYSICAL
MOTION COMBINED.

From the New York Herald.

One often hears of the poetry of
motion, but how little of true mean-
ing does the expression convey.
With at least one New York girl,
however, it has a practical signifi-
cance. She is Miss Dora Duncan,
and poetry to her is not merely a
printed page. She dances it. She
conveys the sentiment of the poet
through the tripping of her feet,
the swaying of her body, the ex-
pression of her sympathetic face.

Miss Duncan is a professional en-
tertainer, and she has been taken
up extensively by well known
society women. Her performance,
which is distinctly novel, she calls
"the philosophy of the dance." She
is past master of the art of
pantomime, which is as much a part
of translated poetry as is the danc-
ing.

Her sister reads the poem which
she is to interpret choreographi-
cally, and an accompaniment har-
monizing with the words and sen-
timents is played on the piano.
Meanwhile the gracefully poised
figure of the dancer embodies the
meaning of the poetry in expressive
motions and steps, as we can imag-
ine must have done the Oriental
and Latin dancers who interpreted
the victorious, religious and pas-
sionate sentiments of the ancient
bards.

SPIRIT OF SPRING EMBODIED.

In her rendering of the song
"Spirit of Spring," to which one
of Strauss' waltzes is played as an
accompaniment, the dancer bounds
on the stage with uplifted hands
and face, the incarnation of the
joyous spring breaking the icy
fetters of winter. To the sensuous
waltz music she springs hither and
thither, scattering the seeds as she
goes, plucking the budding flowers,
breathing the life-giving air, exhal-
ing a joyousness of nature which
is wondrous in its grace and beauty.

The words of the song, a stanza of
which is given, is, by aid of Miss
Duncan's dancing feet, rendered
most wonderfully explicit:—

Spring is coming! Longed for spring
Now his joy discloses:
On his fair brow in a ring
Bloom unpurpled roses!
Birds are gay, how sweet their lay!
Tuneless is the measure:
The wildwood grows green again,
Songsters change our winter's pain
To a mirthful pleasure.

In a dance entitled "Wander-
ing," set to music by Paderewski,
the dancer conveys the impression
of a spirit roaming through the
forests, bewildered at the strange-
ness of her surroundings, trembling
at every sound, the rustle of the
leaves, the sighing of the winds.

"The Story of Narcissus," is an-
other charming bit of pantomime.
The fabled youth is depicted start-
ing at his own image in the water,
first startled at its sudden appear-
ance, then charmed, fascinated at
his mirrored beauty. Becoming
more and enamored the dancer leans
forward, seemingly viewing herself
from side to side, sending kisses to

the liquid image, stepping across
the shallow brook and still finding
the figure reflected from its surface.
The poetry of motion, the first start,
the gradually growing conceit, the
turning and bending, the ecstasy of
delight at finding himself so beauti-
ful, are all most convincingly en-
acted by the pretty dancer, and
form one of her most charming re-
presentations.

"RUBAIYAT" OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

Three quatrains from the "Ru-
baiyat" of Omar Khayyan, to an
accompaniment of one of Mendels-
sohn's songs, were exquisitely ren-
dered. The quatrains are:—

Ah, Love! could you and I with him
conspire,
To grasp this sorry science of thing
entire!
Would not we shatter it to bits and then,
Remould it nearer to the heart's
desire?

You rising moon that looks for us again,
How oft hereafter will she wax and
wane!
How oft hereafter looks for us
Through this same garden and for one in
vain!

And when like her, oh! Saki you shall
pass.
Among the guests—star scattered on the
grass.
And in your blissful errand reach the spot,
Where I made one—turn down an empty
glass.

The slow Oriental movements,
the intensity of desire, the mourn-
ful abandonment of all hope and the
final turning down of the "empty
glass," as Miss Duncan pic-
tured them, were a wordless poem
in themselves.

From the mournfulness of Omar
Khayyam, the dancer turned to a
Dance of Mirth, and as she bound-
ed, whirled, in ecstatic frenzy, hold-
ing her sides aching from overmuch
laughter, one could realize how
versatile and plastic Miss Duncan
is in her art. Her quick transition
from the slow, dreamy motions of
the beautiful Persian poem to the
mad gambols of a wood nymph, is
of itself a wonderful revelation of
artistic power.

MUSIC, POETRY AND DANCE.

In an interview with Miss Dun-
can, she talked freely and enter-
tainingly about her work and her
theories as to the combining of
music, poetry and dancing.

"The poetry of motion," she
said, "which we hear so often
spoken of by artists and poets, is
never more beautifully illustrated
than by the perfectly poised human
body as it sways and moves in the
rhythm of the dance. But to
acquire this perfect poise which
lends grace to every movement, a
knowledge of the use and control
of the muscles is required, which
unfortunately but few teachers of
dancing consider necessary. Hence
the number of stiff, awkward
dancers, who, secure in their knowl-
edge of the step, and 'keeping
time,' whirl over the floor in any-
thing but a pleasing way. Delsarte,
the master of those principles of
flexibility of muscles and lightness
of body, should receive universal
thanks for the bonds he has re-
moved from our constrained mem-
bers. His teachings faithfully
given, combined with the usual
instructions necessary to learning
to dance, will give a result ex-
ceptionally graceful and charming."

"It is in the tendency to develop
character that I have found the
greatest worth in dancing. Indeed,
in that training which enables
children to gain certain forms of
character the dance holds the im-
portant place. Although the ma-
jority of studies given to chil-
dren are entirely for the cultivation
of memory and technique, they all
have some influence which will
cling to the child in later years, long
after the memory and the technique
of the studies are lost. Thus the
character training, small as it may
have been in proportion to the
other, was by far the more impor-
tant. Then would not it be a
greater economy of the child's
brain power to lead it in the train-
ing that has been studied for the
purpose of character formation it-
self? When a child is finished, is
self controlled, is apt in mind and
body, it will master studies with
far less effort than when its
character is not yet formed."

YOUNG MINDS AWAKENED.

"In the practising of dancing, or
its exercises, the child is also obtain-
ing the foundation of all other
studies. The child is obtaining a
knowledge of itself. The dance is

a series of movements being the ex-
pression of connected thought, and
is in its higher exercises a concentra-
tion of mind and body on the
understanding of a form or emotion,
thus being means of supporting the
mind with the strength of the body,
and thereby obtaining greater
understanding.

"All expressive movements are
component parts of the dance. A
child holds out its hand to a flower,
runs to examine its inner beauty,
plucks it and carries off the trophy.
It was a dance of the child to the
music of the flower. Thus we have
the principle of dancing, the ex-
pressing of sensations by natural
movement. This leads us to a
knowledge of what we see and feel.
The teaching of dancing, therefore,
to children, is not in reality a train-
ing of the feet or muscles to an
aptitude of the waltz or polka, but
is to enable them to acquire habits
of greater mental direction and con-
trol of themselves."

"In the dance to the flowers and
to the beauties about us we have
the expression, not only of our ap-
preciation, but of complete health
and spirits, and their relation to
nature. As music brings to us that
which is complete in our tone-hear-
ing, so dancing brings like develop-
ment and intertwining of the men-
tal and physical understanding."

MANY SENSES EXERCISED.

"In the teaching of children to
dance three of their senses are exer-
cised. Their eye is trained to note
movements, their ear is trained to
note time and harmony, and their
touch is developed to bring to them
the knowledge of the existence of
their whole body. This latter
sense is the foundation of all the
others; it is the foundation of exis-
tence; its development brings
fuller life, greater activity and in-
creased ability."

"In music it is through the ear
that by tone and rhythm we re-
cognize the movement of nature
and of ourselves. In poetry it is
through the memory that we re-
cognize the thought. In the dance
it is the eye that brings the mean-
ing to us. Thus in reading we
think of it, in music we are with
it, in dancing we live it. When all
are together—the music, the poem
and the dance—we should be en-
abled to gain larger ideas of each
of them. We should gain new sen-
sations, for the thought and the tone
and the sight are working in
harmony. We are not at a concert
seeing that which is different from
the music, we are not in a book
hearing that which is out of the
thought, we are at a dance, where
are thought and tone together, and
we have nature before us."

"This is what we are trying to
accomplish, to blend together—a
poem, a melody and a dance—so
that you will not listen to the music
see the dance or hear the poem,
but will live in the scene and
thought that all are expressing."

"The art of the dance is un-
developed. I have met few who
were making a study of it, yet it
has in store for us wonderful pos-
sibilities. It has been left so far
behind the other arts that it is now
possible through their help to bring
it forward more quickly than is the
natural growth of things. The
music and the poem express the
same as the dance—a living nature.
Therefore, we have combined them
together also, that the dance may
profit from the advantage of the
others."

Death of Ancient Heroes.

Cyrus the Great had his head cut
off by a woman, who threw it into
a vessel filled with blood. Militia-
des, who commanded the Athenians
at Marathon, was condemned to
death but died in prison. Pau-
sanias, who slew 300,000 Persians,
was starved to death in the Temple
of Minerva. Themistocles, who
destroyed the fleet of Xerxes, died
in exile. Epaminondas was con-
demned as a traitor. Philip of
Macedon was assassinated. His
son, Alexander the Great, was cut
off in the thirty-second year of his
age, supposed to have been poison-
ed. Pyrrhus, one of the greatest
captains, fell by the hands of a
woman. Hannibal poisoned him-
self. Scipio died in exile. Mithri-
dates fell upon his own sword.

Antiochus was murdered by his
followers. Perseus was carried
captive to Rome and died in prison.
Scipio the Younger was murdered in
bed. Cinna was assassinated by
one of his own officers. Marius
died through excessive drinking.
Crassus was treacherously put to
death. Pompey was murdered.
Cesar was assassinated by his
most intimate friends. Brutus,
Cassius, and Antony fell on their
swords. Of the twelve Caesars,
nine suffered a violent death.
Sel.

What Not to Wear.

Cheap jewelry any time.
Cheap lace on anything.
Tan shoes in mid-winter.
Diamonds in the daytime.
Elaborate toilets for church.
Untidy frocks for breakfast.
Dotted veils with weak eyes.
Pointed shoes when bicycling.
A broad belt on a stout figure.
Conspicuous bicycle costumes.
A plain basque on a slim figure.
Gaudy colors in cheap materials.
Linen collars with dressy frocks.
Theatre bonnets with street suits.
Cheap trimmings on a good dress.
Picture hats with outing costumes.
Hair dressed high with a snub
nose.

White petticoats on muddy days.
Bright red with a florid complex-
ion.
Worn shoes with an elaborate toi-
let.

Hair in a psyche knot with a Ro-
man nose.
A long dragged skirt in rainy
weather.

The new tight sleeve on a long
thin arm.

A linen collar that is not im-
maculately fresh.

Lace frills or chiffon ruffles for
work or school.

Gloves with holes in, or boots
with buttons missing.

Soiled white gloves on a shopping
expedition, or any time.

Horizontal stripes or tucks on a
stout figure.—From "What Not
to Wear," in Demorest's Family
Magazine for January.

Newburgh, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wygant, of
87 Carson Avenue, Newburgh, N.
Y., have been entertaining an in-
teresting daughter (the fourth
one), since the eleventh of January
1898. Congratulations and good
wishes on the part of friends and
acquaintances have been pouring
in upon them, and presents were
sent to the little one from its great
grandmother out in California.
Their third daughter, Bessie, has
been quite ill with pneumonia, but
is out of danger and on the road to
recovery.

On the evening of the 12th of
February, the anniversary of the
birth of Abraham Lincoln, the
mutes of Newburgh wended their
way to the parish house of the
Good Shepherd to attend the lecture
given by Mr. C. Q. Mann. It
proved to be a reading on "The
Orphans." If it was not for the rain
that had been pouring down in
torrents all day and the incon-
venience of travel, a good many
mutes who live far out of town, in
all probability, would have been
present. They like lectures. Mr.
Mann, may give another lecture
here soon. Among those present
we noticed Miss Maud Hunger,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe
Hunger, of Mr. Salsbury Centre,
Herkimer Co., N. Y. She has been
staying with her grandparents,
Mr. and Mrs. Clum, attending
school here at the Academy since
last fall, and will enter the female
college in Dalton, Mass., next fall.
She is a charming young girl, and
takes a great interest in the mutes
here.

We can think and talk of nothing
but about the blowing up of the
warship Maine.

NOBODY.

A photographer has a way of tak-
ing things that would not be toler-
ated in any other line of business.

A musician never knows how
much his efforts are appreciated
until the folks in the next flat com-
plain to the janitor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 104th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'N'ath the all-behol'ing sun.
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

FROM time to time we have received letters of inquiry relative to the Peet Memorial Fund. Some of these letters seem to have for their object public agitation in the matter.

Now, it is unreasonable to expect that anything can be gained in such way. The officers who have charge of the fund are responsible individuals, their names and addresses are well known, and any letter of inquiry to the chairman would receive a prompt and courteous response.

We are in a position to know that as soon as arrangements necessary to successfully carry the project to a final culmination are completed, the public will be informed. At present there is a delicate problem to be solved, and whether the efforts to solve it will succeed or fail, only time can disclose.

It is understood that the form of the memorial has been decided upon in compliance with the wishes of those who were nearest and dearest to Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet.

It was originally intended to raise a fund of \$10,000 for the purpose of a fitting memorial to the great friend and teacher of deaf-mutes, and the eminent principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The project was started in the early eighties, and for a time collections were rapidly made. But, out of respect for the national movement to erect a statue to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and to prevent any friction or division of energy to that end, the Peet Memorial project was withdrawn from the public for a period of three years.

After the erection of the Gallaudet Statue in Washington, the Peet project was again actively pushed. Most of the work, however, was done by officers and teachers of the New York Institution, and those who talked the loudest about the memorial fund were the very individuals who did the least to help increase it. The agitation now being sought comes from a similar source, and it ought to be ignored.

The money is safe and the project has not been forgotten, but as the amount is not one-fifth of what was originally intended, the form of the memorial must also differ from the original suggestion, which was a statue to be placed on the grounds at Fanwood.

TYPOGRAPHICALLY, the *Lone Star Weekly* is always neat, and the make-up of the paper is beyond reproach. The editors manage to keep it up to a high standard, and literally speaking it is a literary success. But the "special edition," printed by the pupils of the Texas Institution, is deserving of special commendation, including as it does all the excellent features of a printing office—good type-setting, a neat make-up, and fine press work. The half-tone reproductions are well brought out, and if printed on a wood-cut paper instead of a calendered book, they would show up even better. Our congratulations to the Texas deaf-mute printers.

STATE OF OHIO.

Alumni Association Will Convene.

ESCAPED FROM CUBA.

News of the Week.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 936 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The deaf of Kentucky and Wisconsin are to hold reunions at their respective schools the coming summer. To these can be added those of Ohio. At the meeting of the trustees held Tuesday, the use of the institution for its meeting was granted the Alumni Association. As to the date, that has not been decided upon yet by the executive committee, but it will be announced in due time. Meanwhile everyone interested can be getting ready for the occasion, and when the time is appointed there will be nothing else to do but to come on. We have no idea as to the exact time for the meeting, but under present circumstances it is likely to occur soon after the teachers' convention, which will necessitate an earlier meeting than usual, perhaps in the fore part of August.

Regarding the deaf-mute, Mr. Schale, of whom the JOURNAL printed an account of his ventures in Cuba, the following gives additional points:

John M. Schale, of this city has returned from Cuba, and is now stopping with his family and relatives here. Schale went to Cuba to make his fortune in the laundry business. He established a laundry in Havana at the expense of \$2500 and moved his family from this city to Cuba, and was doing well until the Spaniards found out his sympathies were with the Cubans in their struggle for liberty.

The Spanish soldiers then began to harass him, and finally burn d his laundry and treated him like a dog. He was not able to get any work, and as his family was about to starve, they made their way to the insurgents' camp, and

REMAINED WITH THEM

for four months. While in camp with the insurgents Schale and family came very near being captured and had to fly for their lives. Schale was charged with being one of the dynamiters who caused the Spaniards so much trouble, sinking two of their vessels. He was also suspected of having something to do with the death of Ruiz, and although large rewards were offered for Schale and two other Americans, they escaped at night in a small boat, going to the Dry Tortugas. They soon got aboard an English vessel and went to Jacksonville, and from there to New Orleans. In New Orleans they found friends of the Cuban cause who made up a purse to get Schale and his family back home. Tickets were brought for them to Chicago, and from that city Schale

BROUGHT HIS FAMILY BACK

to Dayton, glad to get here alive. Schale says the Cubans will hold out three more years before they will surrender. He says they have large supplies of guns, ammunition and other supplies stored away in the mountains which they will use in case of need. Most of the people who are starving are under the control of the Spanish soldiers, who do not feed them and do not allow them to leave the towns, etc., to get food. They were watched by the most dreaded spies. Schale is now living with Mr. and Mrs. Washington Carr, 222 South Howard Street, this city.

The Mr. Carr mentioned in the article, is one of the old and respected deaf of Dayton, as well as of the State, and has been employed in the Barney Smith Car Works for a long time.

John Davis, of this city, is confined to the house with a broken leg. One day last week he was standing on the rear end of a commission wagon of S. Wolf & Son, merchants on 4th Street. A street car came along at great speed and ran into the wagon, knocking Davis off with the result above noted. The wagon was loaded with about one thousand dozen of eggs and was about to start for the depot to have them shipped east. After the collision there was quite a mass of "yellow" in the street as a result of the concussion and the spilling of the hen fruit upon the hard surface of the pavement.

Miss Mary Moore's mother, who has been sick for quite a while, succumbed Wednesday. Miss Moore went to Ashville to attend the funeral.

The pupils' Christian Endeavor Society, of the institution, recently presented the Home for the Aged Deaf and Infirm, a large bible and received the hearty thanks of inmates thereof.

Ex-Steward Pollard and family left for Monterey, Mexico, Wednesday morning. At breakfast that morning he made the pupils a short address, telling them to be good and add all they can to their knowledge. He had seen a vast improvement in their conduct during his stay here, and hoped they would all strive to lead a noble and Christian life. He was given a rousing farewell as he left.

Superintendent Jones was a visitor at the Indianapolis Institution, Saturday evening for a short time. Business suddenly called him to the Hoosier capital, and having a little leisure between train time went out to see our sister school. He speaks highly of the school and everything connected therewith.

Feb. 19, '98. A. B. G.

The engagement of Supt. Westervelt, of the Western New York School for the Deaf at Rochester, to Miss Addie Fay is announced. Miss Fay is a daughter of G. O. Fay, an instructor at the Hartford, Conn., School for the Deaf.—*Dakota Banner*.

THE DEAF AND THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—

In the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of February 3d, is an article reprinted from the *Silent Worker* and entitled, "The Deaf against the Sign language," by Frank Murray.

Mr. Murray has been educated by the manual alphabet method, and it does him credit that he stands up valiantly for this method. At the same time it is evident that he is not familiar with the sign language, and he is not competent to speak on the subject from a personal knowledge of both sides. His argument is simply a repetition of what he has been told, together with a little superficial observation. He sees the objections to the sign language, but he fails to see its advantages.

The first mistake which he makes, in common with others who advocate the manual alphabet and oral methods, is that the deaf go to school to learn the English language. This is a narrow view to take. The deaf go to school to be educated. Education means more than learning English; although this is the most important part of our education.

By the manual alphabet method the deaf may learn to use better English—though even this is by no means proved. More attention is given to conversational English, and at a party those taught this way may appear to better advantage as regards conversation by finger spelling. But does it follow that they are better educated than others, who, with less facility in conversation by finger spelling, possess a greater fund of information, more power to reason, and better ability to put their knowledge to practical use?

Why is it that the manual alphabet and oral schools have not furnished a larger quota of students at Gallaudet College? Is it that after thoroughly "grounding" their pupils in English, they fear that they would lose their English on learningsigns? Or is it that they do not attain the mental standard requisite to take the college course? Will Mr. Murray please answer?

Mr. Murray, quoting a deaf lady educated by the same method as himself, says: "Signs hinder the mental growth of the deaf." This is the first time I have seen this assertion made. It is diametrically opposite to the views held by those who favor signs. From my own observations I would say that signs very materially quicken the mental growth of deaf children. A child free to use signs will, after one year in school, talk understandingly about matters as freely and easily as another, deprived of signs, can after being in school three or four years. All this time the mind and reasoning power is constantly in action, and, so far as mental growth is concerned, the sign taught child will be far in advance of the one deprived of signs.

I have in mind a young man recently graduated from the Minnesota School. His misuse of English was a "thorn in the flesh" to his teachers. But his comprehension of scientific subjects, as well as questions of public interest, and matters of a business nature, was remarkable. He was fond of reading, and read the daily papers and abstruse books containing expressions far beyond his power to use language. But he understood them and could discuss them intelligently by signs. If he were placed in a parlor amid polite folk, and judged as to his ability to carry on a general conversation, he would make a sorry show. But he was not trained for the parlor; he was trained for the workshop, and there his extensive information and ability to use his mental powers will be of greater value to him than the ability to carry on a general conversation.

I know others who are able to carry on a conversation pretty well; but, if you go a little beyond the commonplace talk, you very soon strike bottom.

Of the two, which is the better educated? For my part, I should unhesitatingly say the former.

It may be said that if the former had been trained manually he would have the same knowledge, and, in addition, the ability to express himself in good English. But I positively believe that if he had been limited to manual spelling he would never have learned one half of what he did, because the sign language allowed his mind to expand rapidly, and to receive and express ideas far in advance of what he could ever hope to receive or express in English alone.

"But of what use are his ideas if he cannot express them so that people generally can understand them?" it may be asked. Just this: the same process that has strengthened his power to think and reason on these subjects, has strengthened his power to think and reason on the work and life before him. This power finds expression in action, though he may not be able to express his ideas in words.

Very few deaf earn their living by talking; and therefore the power to express their ideas is of minor importance. The great majority earn their living by working; and

therefore it is of the highest importance that their minds should be so trained as to make their work as effective as possible.

I do not say that the deaf need not be taught English. On the contrary, I believe that the most strenuous efforts should be made to this end. I even think that signs should be excluded from the class-room, and to some extent restricted out of school, as is now done in some schools. I know that schools, which use signs, teach English to their pupils, as earnestly as any school, and I believe they do it too successfully as those who claim to do it better, barring perhaps some conversational expressions.

The manual and oral schools must show decidedly better results in English than sign schools, before they can be justified in depriving their deaf pupils of a knowledge of the sign language. Do they?

Mr. Murray says: "Signs have prevented about eighty per cent of the deaf who have attended schools gaining command of the English language." I challenge him to prove this assertion, or it must be regarded as an idle and false assumption.

"As to the inexactness and uncertainty" of signs of which he complains, that is the fault of those who use them, not of the sign language itself, which is capable of very definite and lucid expression. Speaking people often use English very loosely so, their meaning is both inexact and uncertain.

There is no medium of expressing human thought that is exact and certain. The English language certainly is not. If it were, what need would there be for our whole judiciary system, whose sole object is to interpret laws expressed in words?

An important reason why signs should be taught in school, and not left to be picked up haphazard after leaving school, is that thereby the language may be preserved, improved, and made more useful. The brightest of our deaf are connected with the various schools as teachers. Childhood is the time to learn, and school is the place. If signs are not taught at school, they could in time degenerate into the crude, imperfect, language which our manual alphabet and oral friends seem to believe, or would have people believe, that it is.

I might reply in detail to the other points made by Mr. Murray, but it would take too much time and space. As the objections to signs are made by one who does not understand them, these objections are apparent rather than real. Those who understand the sign language will know that the objections raised are not well founded, and easily answered.

Mr. Murray concludes, "Signs should be abandoned by the deaf, as well as by all teachers of the deaf, in all schools through the country."

Well, last fall the writer attended two public meetings held to consider the questions of voting bonds for a new school building. With the assistance of an interpreter I was able to follow all that was said, and to ask and answer questions. Without signs this would have been impossible. Time and again I have enjoyed lectures and listened to sermons, interpreted by the sign language. I have also seen attempts made to interpret by spelling alone, but, unless the speaker speaks very slowly. It is impossible to follow him, and the strain on the eyes is such as to take away all pleasure. With signs, and signs only, it may be enjoyed as much by the deaf as by the hearing.

Yet this young man, who, as may be inferred from his writing, does not understand the sign language and does not know its value, advises us all to abandon this, to us, so valuable language.

It reminds me of the young man who saw a farmer seeding wheat. He told the farmer that he was foolish to throw his wheat on the ground and bury it; that he had better take it to the mill and have it ground into flour. But the farmer smiled, and went on seeding.

Mr. Murray speaks of Dr. Gallaudet having expressed different views some years ago, as to the usefulness of the sign language, from the views he entertains now. When he wrote that he had presumably not read the article in which Dr. Gallaudet shows that this misunderstanding of his attitude is based on a garbled extract from one of his speeches, made by the President of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, and that his views as to the value of the sign language were the same then as they are now.

OLOF HANSON,
Faribault, Minn.

Mr. Frank Murray, a graduate of the Rochester School for the Deaf, in a letter to the *Silent Worker*, says the deaf are against the sign language, and gives instances to prove that his assertions are well founded.

They may be well founded, as far as he is concerned; having been denied the privilege of picking up the language of signs himself, he is not capable of judging

the value of signs in the using of English by the deaf with the deaf, and having been taught by the oral method and the manual alphabet, he is unable to judge accurately either of these methods, simply because a specialty was not made of either. Naturally, it follows that a deaf pupil taught in a combined system school, is better able to judge the merits of all the known methods, having been taught under each. It is not the height of wisdom to tell the best instructors of the deaf in the world, who use signs with their deaf pupils, that they are mistaken, foolish and misdirected. Years of experience and practice have proven that signs are absolutely a necessity in enlightening the minds of young deaf pupils, and any one who says anything to the contrary is misleading the public.

This same writer says: "We honor every living educator and friend of the deaf—Dr. Gillett, A. L. E. Crouter, Dr. G. O. Fay, Dr. Gordon, Miss Yale, Dr. Bell, Mr. Edmund Lyon."

This galaxy are known to the deaf as PROMOTORS of the pure oral method, and who are in an association for the promotion of the same by themselves. How about such men as the Gallaudets, elder and sons; the Peets, elder and son; Currier, of New York; Clarke, of Michigan; Williams, of Hartford; Nelson, of Rome; Smith of Minnesota; Fox, of New York, and others East and West, too numerous to mention. Look at Miss Taylor, of Portland, Me., formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., a staunch supporter of pure oralism, when a teacher and under restraint, who, when she had responsibilities, denied openly that she could teach wholly by speech, and that signs were of UTMOST NECESSITY.

Mr. Murray says the sign language is so small and simple that anybody can learn it, even the very stupid. Surely the very stupid can learn something by it, where it was impossible to teach them by the manual alphabet—so simple, that I, after using signs for years, am not yet proficient in their use; and instead of hindering the intellectual growth, they seem to add a brighter color to my thoughts and a lustre to the imagination that a small vocabulary of English would be incapable of doing.

And when a person educated under a combined system arrives at these conclusions, there must really be some value in the use of signs, and some mistake in trying stupid or moderately intelligent deaf-mutes to use manual, English by which they can only learn the first elementary stages thereof and never advance any further, unless their imagination is stirred by a patriotic and unselfish use of signs, natural and otherwise, to help out a mixed-up idea of the topic under consideration.

Signs are not so disagreeable as some imagine; in fact, they are not so disagreeable as those "face-signs" of pupils taught in oral and manual schools. The Delsarte system of facial expression carries with it some weight, and it met the favor of New York Society a few years ago, and is still being taught, but it is not true that every sign the deaf use has a face sign prefixed to it.

The language of signs is beautiful in its simplicity, and it is sometimes abused, just as is the English language. But we must not look to those who abuse the language of signs for its beauty, grace and fullness of expression, just as we would not look to a cheap Bowery theatre for refinement and grace in the production of Shakespeare's masterpieces.

"Signs mortify the educated and civilized Deaf." If they did, would the educated deaf use them at all? Go among the educated deaf of the whole world, and find how many would be mortified to use signs in talking to one another.

If the above is true, our conventions of the deaf are all wrong, and that hereafter the sessions must last a month in order to tell the audience in the manual alphabet or visible speech the vast amount of business that is now transacted by means of the sign language in short two or three-day sessions.

"Signs are unintelligible to those who have not been taught them." Quite right, Mr. Murray; this just fits your case exactly, and English would not be intelligible to your champions if it had not been taught them, either.

Come to New York and I will show you a dozen or more deaf-mutes taught under your ideal system, who are not half as bright as an equal number taught by the combined system, mostly by signs, being congenitally deaf.

Come to New York City and I will show you half a hundred graduates of an oral school, never taught signs at all, who are to-day very proficient in the use of signs, and it is their chief medium of conversation with the deaf, although they were not taught by it. Many of these are unable to make themselves understood intelligibly in written, spoken or manual English, even though taught by the best teachers to be procured in oral schools.

"Signs make the deaf think in

pictures and cause them to waste their time in profitless, idle dreaming." In Mr. Murray's school, may be, the deaf are not taught word-pictures, and all pictures must be seen in an art gallery to be appreciated. Perhaps the time wasted in doing so is profitless, idle dreaming, and it is not encouraged. The deaf who have a knowledge of signs can form word pictures of their own, without travelling miles to see paintings to gain their ideas. The cultivation of word pictures in the minds of the deaf is one of the best modes of lifting their minds upward and onward in progress, Mr. Murray to the contrary notwithstanding.

If a man who rides in a wagon and by so doing is prevented from riding a bicycle, what matters that to him if he has a wagon to ride in and has no need for a bicycle? This will reply to the assertion that signs hinder the deaf from getting a command of the English language, for it is Mr. Murray's own way of arguing. And if it has been proven that in oral schools the average attainment is not so high as in combined method schools, does it prove that signs have hindered. No, indeed; just the contrary.

"Signs interfere with the free and profitable intercourse between the deaf." This is absolutely false, as far as the deaf in general are concerned. Mr. Murray has evidently not seen much of the world, its learning and its modern ways.

Religion is just as well imparted to the deaf, if not better, by signs than by any other means. Come to St. Matthew's Church in New York, or go to Al Souls', Phila., and you will no doubt change your mind in this direction. It is in teaching the word of God that the language of signs attains its highest beauty, grace and effectiveness. It explains much that mere words cannot, and the Bible is so composed that it is not everybody who can understand its meaning, its moral and depth, by the mere reading alone.

"The use of signs is suggestive of ignorance, while fluent and correct English is an evidence of education."

Nay, at Gallaudet College the most intelligent deaf of the country use signs. Is that an evidence of ignorance? And a majority of those whose use signs are able to express themselves in correct English. Is this ignorance, or would you call them middle-of-the-roadsers? Perhaps my English in this letter does not satisfy Mr. Murray, but if signs hinder my use of English, I fail to see it; but perhaps Mr. Murray can?

ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

I was not a little amused in reading the article published in the *Silent Worker* and afterwards in the JOURNAL, entitled "The Deaf Against the Sign Language," written by my old schoolmate, Mr. Frank Murray. The editorial in the JOURNAL invites other deaf-mutes to send in their views in opposition to Mr. Murray's ideas of the sign language.

No one having done so up to date, I do not think it out of place for me to say a few words in support of Mr. Murray's views.

To begin at the beginning, I was one of the first pupils the Rochester Institution ever had, and the first two years of its existence, it was run on the combined method. Still I did not learn signs.

It was a difficult undertaking to change from signs to spelling, but it was accomplished. Well do I remember Frank Murray. When he first came to school, he had no language whatever. He could articulate "Papa" and "Mama," and that was all. If I remember rightly, the school was three years old when he arrived, so he never had any instruction in signs. I was also present when he graduated some years after, so I know him for a thorough spelling man. The writer of this article was learned signs after leaving school, so as to be able to converse with other

mutes who cannot understand spelling. If a deaf-mute is expected to read and write ordinary English, why not learn to read it in conversation. Why should signs be used in school to mix up the brain, with "cart before the house" expressions, when spelling as it is written and printed is what is desired. When a deaf-mute has acquired a good command of language, can write correctly like a hearing man, he is considered pretty well educated.

Why not begin by learning real English first, then signs afterwards. When a mute not over bright gets the "cart before the horse" plan of signs once in his brain, it is difficult to get it out, and his writings show it to his dying day. The mute makes signs, he understands in signs, he thinks in signs. Signs not being English, how can he write correctly? He will write as he thinks, and he thinks in signs. A person who learns signs for an accomplishment thinks in English, translates it into signs, but it takes a well-educated mute to think in signs and translate it into English. I recently received a long letter

from a good friend in Chicago, and was astounded at the statement made, that of the eight hundred or nine hundred deaf-mutes of that city, only seventy-five or eighty could write and converse in English correctly. So what has signs done for the Chicago deaf. These figures do not show up eighty per cent. Now, dear friend, if you would like to see an advanced school whose pupils will average seventy-five to eighty per cent advancement, go down to Rochester. You will be kindly received. The whole school will be shown you. Converse with whom you will, you will see none of these "cart before the horse" expressions, which are so common in the conversation and compositions in sign schools. You will have the plain English language spelled to you from Kindergarten to High Class, and it will be spelled correctly, too, let me tell you.

W. L. EASTMAN.

ST. LOUIS.

The lecture by the Rev. Edmund Duckworth, rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, at St. Thomas' Mission last evening, was the event of the week. When the reverend gentleman gave an address a month ago, the impression he made was so favorable that all who missed him then have since been sorry. Consequently all available space in the room, and adjoining room and hall, within range of the speaker, was occupied last evening before the lecture began. The subject for the evening was "Talkers," which the speaker treated in a humorous vein, with illustrations taken from life well calculated to "point a moral and adorn a tale." He began by saying that people viewed things from different standpoints, with a general tendency to overlook the bright side. He then proceeded to classify and illustrate talkers under the following heads: 1. Those who do all the talking. 2. Those who flatter. 3. Those who exaggerate what they say and hear. 4. Those who fish for compliments. 5. Those who do not want to be taken at their word. 6. Those who draw inferences, jump at conclusions, and go off before having ascertained the truth. 7. Those who ask questions about what is none of their business and usually without tact. 8. Those who bear tales. 9. Those who "whisper" or take others into their so-called confidence. 10. Those who use profane language. The concluding part of the lecture was a strong plea for directness, plainness, frankness, sincerity and truthfulness of speech among all people, on all occasions when it is necessary or advisable to speak. Aside from being highly entertaining, the lecture made a deep impression. Miss Pearl Herdman's interpretation was a masterpiece in its way. As an evidence of Rev. Mr. Duckworth's self sacrifice, we may add that his first lecture was given at a time when a daughter was lying very ill at home, and his second when he himself had been sick all day. It gives us pleasure to announce that he will lecture again at some future time.

Hon. D. R. Francis and Hon. Lee Merriwether have kindly consented to lecture at St. Thomas' Mission, and dates will probably be assigned them early after Easter. Mr. Francis is an ex-mayor of St. St. Louis, ex-governor of Missouri and ex-secretary of the Interior. Mr. Merriwether was formerly labor commissioner, and was defeated for the mayoralty last fall. He is famous as the author and actor of the "Tramp Trip, or Seeing Europe on Fifty Cents a Day." He was to have lectured some-time ago, but unfortunately broke his ankle in a bicycle accident, which necessitated a postponement.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Froning will probably not move to Des Moines, at least not for the present. The Brownell Car Shops, where Mr. Froning has been employed, resumes on Monday, and Mr. Froning has been requested to return to his bench. The Bishop of Missouri will visit St. Thomas' Mission, to administer the Apostolic rite of Confirmation, on Palm Sunday, April 3d, at 3 P.M.

Mr. Arthur Rink, recently a member of the advanced class at the Illinois Institution, has moved to the city in order to complete his preparation for college at the Day School.

Miss Alice Taylor, of Marionville, Mo., is spending a few weeks in the city as the guest of Miss Florence Phelps.

Rev. J. H. Cloud goes Fulton, Mo., to-day, to be absent until Tuesday. His object is to visit the Missouri School, where the McKee method is said to be producing excellent results.

Coming events in March, at the Cathedral and Memorial House, 13th and Locust Sts.:—Sunday Services at 11 A.M. Public Opinion Lecture at 8 P.M., on the 4th. Gallaudet Union meeting at 8 P.M. on the 11th. Lecture on St. Paul at 8 P.M. on the 18th. Stereopticon exhibition illustrating St. Paul's three missionary journeys at 8 P.M. on the 25th.

J. H. C.

February 19, 1898.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Instructive Lectures and Exhibition.

"LITTLE MISS NOBODY."

Brevities.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb., 20.—A very instructive and interesting entertainment was provided for the students, and inhabitants of Kendall Green in general, the latter part of the week. This was the lectures and exhibition of natural history specimens by Prof. T. A. Schurr, of Pittsfield, Mass. In beginning, he said he has visited Fanwood—among other schools for the deaf—and so the portion of my readers there residing are familiar with his entertainment. His lectures began at 2:30 o'clock Thursday and Friday afternoon, and kept the attention of the large audience, which included all who could go, for over an hour each day. After the lectures, the audience was permitted to examine his wonderful collection of specimens. Of these there was a double row of large cases extending around three sides of the chapel. The specimens included butterflies, moths, beetles, and other winged insects of the same class, small animals and reptiles. The collection represents the labor of thirty-five years, and seems disproportionately enormous for even that long period. It is all his own work, aided only in part by his son. The specimens, particularly of butterflies and birds, were in many cases individually of a marvelous beauty and the arrangement was so exquisite as to greatly heighten the general effect. The serpent and lizard families were well represented.

He told us how he was led to the adoption of natural history as his life-work by the observation of a strange worm in a wayside ditch. He carried it home in his handkerchief. On his way it crawled out on his coat sleeve. A German naturalist, a cripple, who lived near his home, happened to see it and wanted to buy it of him, and promised to pay him for any other specimens he might bring. In this way he earned a good deal, and finally took a personal interest in the work, began observing for himself, and so began his career. He told many interesting facts about the development from worm through cocoon to moth or butterfly, and similar descriptions of other classes shown; also stories of personal experiences in collecting them. It was all very interesting, but as it covered, in all, nearly three hours of solid talking, it is impossible to give any adequate report of it, even if it could be remembered with any degree of fullness or connection. Besides, part of my readers have had the pleasure of witnessing the same for themselves.

The cases were left on exhibition from Thursday afternoon till Saturday forenoon. Professor Schurr's title is not merely complimentary, but bona fide, as he was long instructor in Natural History in a Pittsfield academy. Even if this were not the case, he would well deserve the name for the completion of such a work as this collection.

The play, "Little Miss Nobody," by Frank Dumont, given by the Saturday Night Dramatic Club, Saturday evening, was a great success in every way, though the rain which, of course, had to come just at the same time, kept many away, who intended to come. Below is the cast of characters and synopsis:

CAST.
Little Miss Nobody, a waif.....O. G. Carroll, '90
Earl Ramsey, alias Jack Mayburn.....Robt. Zahm, '90
Bill Digger, alias Clint Ford.....G. E. Willis, '90
Gee Ho, a Chinaman.....W. P. Souder, '90
Barney Dooley, an Irishman.....H. S. Rutherford, '01
Otto Sultzpinnerkooker, a Dutchman.....A. H. Norris, '01
Pietro Mascali, a juvenile and Italian.....G. F. Wills, '90
Uncle Dave, a man of mystery.....G. V. Bath, '90
Widow Skerrett.....D. Picard, '90
Miner and Servant.....J. Clark, I. C.

The Lit held a good meeting Friday evening. The programme began with a lecture on "Commerce" by Mr. Ballard, '66, in which he reviewed the commerce of the past and predicted future changes and developments. It is a subject on which he is pretty well posted, and which, delivered in his plain, rapid, and vigorous style, kept the audience highly interested. An unanimous vote of thanks was tendered him at the conclusion of the meeting.

The question debated was: "Should the law of Civil Service Reform be abolished?" The affirmative was supported by Messrs.

Ohlemacher, '99, and Taylor, '01, and the negative by Messrs. Stewart, '99, and Braithwaite, '01. The judges, Messrs. Driggs, N. S., Rothert, '98, and Davis, '99, gave their verdict unanimously in favor of the negative.

The dialogue was very good, and very well delivered, keeping the audience in a roar. It was entitled, "Nothing in it," and was delivered by Messrs. Fisher, '01, and Lee Clark, I. C.

The poem, "A Cry from the Shore," was well declaimed by Mr. Brooks, '99. In last letter, in the field-day schedule, the printer evidently skipped a line or two, omitting the following events, which come between the one-mile relay race, and running hop-step-and-jump:—running high jump, running broad jump, putting sixteen pound shot, throwing hammer, one-half-mile bicycle race, and one-mile bicycle race.

Our basket-ball team played a "practice-game" with one of the high-school teams Saturday, losing by the score of 10 to 2. This is the worst of the few defeats they have suffered.

The Erd brothers have received their sterling '98 wheels. The first of the Xi Phil Sigma fraternity pins arrived Wednesday; one gold and one silver-gilt. And there was so little difference between the two, and what little there was was evidently in favor of the latter—that of all who tried to point out the gold one only seven succeeded. Of this order, the balance of which is daily expected, the silver-gift pins cost \$1.00 and the gold \$3.00. But hereafter the two kinds will cost \$1.75 and \$3.50, respectively. The reason for this is that the makers (Caldwell & Co., of Philadelphia) made a better piece of work than at first intended or expected. If any alumni members of the fraternity wish pins, they can order them through His Supreme Highness, Benjamin Franklin Jackson, Supreme Imam.

Mr. Bryant, '81, while officiating as "polisher" of our amateur actors, supplied a few times with the seniors, the first time he has partaken of the college grub since the blissful time when it was his daily fare.

The destruction of the Maine has been the cause of as much excitement here as elsewhere, and a certain Soph. took a canvass of the college, though not quite as thorough as he supposed, and found only one professor and one student who believe it was an accident.

Mr. Driggs delivered a lecture in the Kendall School Friday evening, on the Merchant of Venice.

The dance in honor of our football team will be given Monday evening. The banner has not yet arrived. A. E.

CHICAGO MUTE GOES TO ALASKA.

EMIL A. WELLER DEPARTS FOR THE GOLD FIELDS OF COPPER RIVER—AFFLICTED MAN SEEKS HEALTH AND FORTUNE IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

Undeterred by his inability to speak or hear, Emil A. Weller of 1102 North Forty-second avenue, has started on a gold-searching trip to Alaska. With a party of half a dozen friends he left Chicago ten days ago and is now on his way to the gold fields of the Copper river, a comparatively short distance from the Klondike region. The oddity of a deaf and dumb man going up to the far north in the rush after gold, struck Mr. Weller's friends as a rather unusual proposition and caused much comment, but the Chicago man could see no reason why hearing and talking were essential to the successful mining of gold. So he decided to follow his inclinations and seek a fortune in the hard, frozen soil of Alaska.

For fifteen years Mr. Weller has been a printer in the employ of one of the large show printing companies of Chicago. As far as he could see however, he was not likely to become a very wealthy man on saving from his salary as a printer, so he concluded to try his fortune in mining. One of his fellow employees, John Holden, also accompanied the party on the journey to the Copper river. If the party makes a ten-strike all of the prospectors will likely remain a year or two in Alaska, but if their efforts prove something of a water haul they will return next fall. The deaf-mute will take his chances and do just the same work as all of the other men in the party, and will share with them in the results.

Mrs. Weller, who is also a deaf-mute like her husband, when seen at the family residence wrote out a few words regarding the trip. She wrote that Mr. Weller was going up to Alaska in the search of better health as well as gold. Mr. Weller, therefore, in all probability, enjoys the distinction of being the first man who has selected Alaska as a health resort. He started away with the resolution to write a letter to his wife every day. So far he has adhered to the resolution.—Chicago Chronicle.

PHILADELPHIA.

Are the Deaf Discriminated Against?

A PLAN TO DISARM PREJUDICE.

Events Past and to Come.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Says the Philadelphia Record:—"The most popular barber in Philadelphia is a deaf-mute."

We do not know who this particular person is, but we know that we have seen the item in point before, and there is no knowing how often it will be repeated. While to us the saying appears grossly ambiguous, it is more than likely that the general reader will take it in its literal sense. Be that as it may, it does us no harm. We may chuckle at the idea of the public being duped by it and the favor we may thus gain.

It may not be unworthily, however. There are undoubtedly good deaf barbers to be found here and in many of the large cities. The same may be true of deaf artists and other toilers. Yet we are confronted with the bare fact that comparatively few deaf rise to the level of their hearing competitors in the opinion of their employers, who, while they would not openly admit it, show it by a discrimination in wages. Other deaf find it extremely hard to find employment, while still others are dismissed peremptorily on account of their deafness. So far we refer to educated deaf; as for the uneducated, their lot is even harder.

All this goes to show that the business public is as yet very shy of the deaf. How to convert it is a problem. Its solution is of the greatest importance to the deaf. While not every thing may be gained by the attempt, we venture the opinion that much may be done. At any rate, there is no reason why the attempt should not be made. Conventions and societies of the deaf, which are supposed to be organized in their interest, might well devote more time to this matter, as it directly concerns the welfare of its members. It is of first importance to them, too, for it is largely upon the prosperity of its members that the success of a society hinges.

So far little has been done by any body of deaf, we believe, in the matter of exciting public sentiment in favor of the deaf, especially among the business public. The efforts being made to spread the manual alphabet among the hearing is laudable and may be considered as a preliminary step towards this object. But it is far from enough. There is need that more effective work be done in order to secure greater confidence in the business world. Even some of our intelligent deaf fail in obtaining that. We have just such a case in mind now. We do not ask the business man for unusual favors or sympathy, but to judge us upon our merits, not upon our deafness. That deafness is a misfortune is admitted by us, but to refuse a healthy deaf man work merely on the score of his deafness, is like aggravating the misfortune. Let it not be inferred from these remarks that a deaf man must be employed in preference to a hearing one, but rather that he should be given an equal chance from a humanitarian point of view, if from no other. May we not expect that little in this Christian and enlightened age, and when the boon of an education has done so much in diminishing the extent of our misfortune. Surely, Christianity has also penetrated the walls of the counting-room.

Now, a plan of education as the JOURNAL suggested in the previous issue, is certainly desirable. The form of it is another question and the harder one, assuming that the distribution of the manual alphabet is insufficient. It is for our conventions to prescribe the form, and not only to do the prescribing but to have it carried out also. Talk is cheap; work is valuable in the matter.

Our own favorite idea to gain public recognition is through the medium of exhibitions. They are great educators, and then "Seeing is believing." What would not the deaf gain by one? What would excite more public interest in their behalf than an exhibition of the products of their skill? A little while ago I read of a lady visitor to a school for the deaf, who asked a teacher if the deaf can shed tears. Oh, my! wouldn't that lady faint, is she such an exhibition as we suggest. Possibly many business people know but little more about the deaf than this "deaf" lady. An exhibition would convince them quicker than anything else. We suppose that we need not argue more about the good of exhibitions. The only question that remains is how to get them out. We believe

it can be done in conjunction with the schools of the deaf, as both the schools and their graduates could then derive credit from it and both rise in the estimation of the public.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer M. Hannold tendered an oyster supper to Mr. Harry Staley, in honor of his birthday, at their home, on Saturday evening, 19th. Mr. Staley was made the recipient of several beautiful presents, and all enjoyed a good time generally. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jas. T. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Durian, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Waterhouse, Miss Cora Ford, and Messrs. H. S. Stevenson, and H. Bugler.

Three valuable pigeons, belonging to Mr. H. E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., were stolen last week. They were valued at fifteen dollars.

The meeting of the Clerc Literary Association on February 17th, was given wholly to recitations by the members.

Rev. J. M. Koehler was in Baltimore and Washington on Sunday.

Events to come.—Prof. F. W. Booth's lecture before the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club, Saturday evening, February 26th.

Lecture before the Clerc Literary Association by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, March 3d.

J. S. R.

BALTIMORE.

The masquerade ball of the Baltimore Society, which occurred last Monday, has gone down on the records of the club as another of its long list of brilliant social affairs. Those who were present will not soon forget the pleasant evening they experienced. From the time the doors of the hall were opened, until midnight, an unceasing stream of people in every conceivable sort of costume passed in at the entrance. At the beginning, the scribe started to get a list of the masks and of the characters they represented, but soon gave it up as a hard job. Suffice it to say the usual quota of flower girls, clowns, peddlers, etc., etc., were fully represented. A committee of three was appointed to view the march and select those to whom the prizes were awarded. Their choice fell upon Miss Iola Pettit, first; Mr. McElroy, second; and Mr. Conway, third; as wearing the most handsome, most original, funniest and ugliest costumes among the people. The prizes awarded were a cuckoo, checkers and booby prize.

Below is appended the order of dances.

GRAND MARCH.
1. Lancers Quadrille.
2. Waltz.
3. Two Step.
4. Schottische.
5. Virginia Reel.

At the conclusion of the Virginia Reel, supper was announced, and the march to the cafe on the north floor was taken up. Refreshments served there were of the lighter, but still of the substantial kind. After the refreshments, dancing and playing games were resumed when it was in the wee sma' hours of George Washington morning.

The committee in charge of the hall consisted of "Messrs. Wm. McElroy, Fred. Lurmann, J. H. Mooney, Miss A. Barry and Mrs. George Leitner."

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feast entertained a party of friends at their home on Columbia Avenue, last Saturday evening, whilst being the order of the evening.

Mr. J. A. Brandlick has decided to move his family to Eastern Shore, where he will open a shoe shop and do ministering among the deaf. He went there last week and found there was a large field for him to do mission work among the deaf. We hope he will be successful in his new life.

Miss Alverta Turton, whose illness was chronicled in my last letter, passed away peacefully two weeks ago. Before she died, she said to her relatives and friends who gathered around her. I am ready to go and will not live next month.

The wife of Mr. Zaher gave next Saturday, in honor of his thirty-eight years. A number of his acquaintances and others were present and appreciated the privilege of participating.

The Literary meeting took place last Friday with Mr. O. J. Whildin in the chair. The roll and minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Mr. J. A. Brandlick, who was on the bill to give an essay on "Cuba," did not put in appearance on account of being out in Eastern Shore. Mr. G. Leitner related a fable entitled the "Tinder Box," which was amusing. Then he was followed by Mr. P. C. Boss, who related an Indian story which was interesting. Mrs. Geo. Leitner related an interesting story entitled "The Old House."

An interesting debate took place, the subject being: "It is more perilous to sail in a balloon than in a ship." The affirmative and negative sides fought nobly. The affirmative side, which won the

debate, was championed by Messrs. McElroy and Feast. The judges were Rev. J. M. Koehler and Mr. G. M. Leitner and Mrs. A. E. Feast.

Referred Question:—Should the Maryland School for the Deaf, now located at Frederick, be removed to Baltimore." It was argued that the Maryland School for the Deaf should be removed to Baltimore, for it would make a good impression on the people of this city, and we could have lectures very often by engaging the teachers, etc. This closed the exercises.

The society is in a prosperous condition and the interest manifested, particularly by the younger element, is very encouraging.

Mr. Louis Nicholson's parents celebrated their forty-second wedding anniversary this week. A few of us went there and had an enjoyable evening.

Messrs. J. A. Brandlick, and D. E. Moylan will be present at the Methodist Conference, which will take place at Washington, D. C., next week. The latter's license will expire next Sunday.

Mr. J. E. Voluse, of Frederick, stops preaching. His license has expired, and the quarterly conference of the M. E. Church refuses to give him a new license. He has had no charge and his attempts to start a mission anywhere have been failures.

Mrs. Robert E. Underwood, of Philadelphia, was called home on account of her aunt's illness. She was at the masquerade ball.

Miss A. B. Barry returned home after spending a two weeks' visit to her friends in the City of Brotherly Love. He spoke highly of their hospitality.

MYRTLE.

Fake Oral Schools.

One of the greatest hindrances to the advance of oral teaching in this country is the failure of incompetents to make good their claims.

A young woman with, possibly, a high-school education, will take a year's training under some oral teacher, and then, with scarcely any knowledge of the deaf or the peculiar difficulty of reaching and developing them, will set up a school for their education.

Being one of the kind that reminds us of the saying that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," she boldly announces that old methods of the education of the deaf are obsolete and that she is prepared to "restore them to society," after the most approved plan.

The public, easily duped on matters of which they are ignorant, rush after her, wondering that one so young should know so much more than the old gray heads. They do not doubt for a moment, however, that she is an advance agent of the coming millennium of the deaf; for whatever else the young lady lacks, she has abundance of cheek and will claim the earth if she can only get any one to believe her.

Later the aforesaid dunes cut their eye-teeth and discover, to their sorrow, that their goddess was an idol of very common clay. They then go to the other extreme and say, "there is nothing in oralism anyhow."

It seems tons that in self defence the adherents of oral teaching should repudiate these fake teachers, and, if necessary, expose their nefarious schemes in playing upon the sympathies of the public to make an easy living.—D. in Colorado Index.

A CURIOUS POCKET PIECE.

A Union Pacific engineer has a fashion of making unique pocket pieces for his friends. He runs a passenger engine west, and when oiling previous to a run he drops a nickel 5 cent piece into the brass oil cup on the crosshead of the piston rod. His run is 300 miles.

When he reaches his destination, he unscrews the top of the oil cup and takes the nickel out. It has been metamorphosed into a curious little button with an evenly turned rim, within which on the one side is the countersunk head of Liberty, divested of her stars and on the other side the V and the wreath.

The edge of the crown is as perfect as if it had been pounded on an anvil by an expert silversmith.

The perfection of this is due to the even vibration the motion has been subjected to. The motion of the piston is horizontal, and it travels 48 inches, back and forth, with every revolution of the wheels.

The interior of the oil cup is round, and the edges of the nickel as it travels back and forth in the oil, striking the sides of the cup, are turned over and pounded into perfect roundness. Sometimes a nickel is left in the cup during the round trip, or 600 miles. When taken out it is a nickel bullet, a perfect polished sphere. Who discovered this unique method of turning the edges of a nickel is not known, but many engineers know of it.—Tacoma Ledger.

Miss Annie L. Waidler was married to Gibson McConnell, at her home in Astoria, L. I., on Monday, February 16th, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

NEW JERSEY.

The Masquerade Ball a Success.

IN SPITE OF THE BAD WEATHER.

A Brief Description of the Affair and Those Present.

Jupiter Pluvius was on the rampage for three days, preceding the ball of the Newark Deaf-Mute Society, on the 21st of February. In fact, the weather on that evening still retained the soggy and depressing character that had been the predominant feature of the yesterdays already deplored.

When the storm started, on the evening of the 17th, everybody who expected to woo Terpsichore in New Jersey on the 21st, felt glad. They reasoned that the storm could not last more than a day or two, and after that there would be sunshine and starlight and balmy breezes.

But the water hung above and descended upon Major New York and Minor New Jersey with such persistence that it seemed as if we were the star prhibition towns of the continent.

Nevertheless, the "old guard" of the Newark Society was at Jacoby's Hall, on Broad Street, Newark, at the appointed hour for the opening of their Grand Annual Ball, and Ajax defying the lightning could not have portrayed a more grim determination than did these scions of the land of mosquitoes in their majestic contempt of the untoward conditions of wind and weather.

Financially, the ball may have been a success; socially, there is no doubt about it.

There were present about one hundred and fifty individuals. But the male sex predominated. The gentler sex was in the hopeless minority.

The ball was a masquerade, but few availed themselves of the opportunity to wear a fancy costume.

However, there were enough in costume to give character to the affair.

Prizes had been offered for the best male and female costume respectively. They were won, respectively, by Miss Scholl and Mr. Max Koehler, the former capturing a silver napkin ring, and the latter a cigar case of the same democratic metal.

Miss Scholl personated Pocahontas, the beauteous Indian damsel of whom we all have read. Mr. Koehler was the "Yellow Kid," whose popularity—nay, whose very existence—sprang from the imagination of a newspaper artist.

There were some present who thought that Miss Ada Van Ness should have won the lady's prize. She personified "Mother Goose" with the most extraordinary fidelity.

Others costumed were Mrs. Rachael Coakely, a tambourine girl; Mr. Schwing, an erstwhile shining light of the Lexington Athletic Club, as a clown; a sister and brother-in-law of Mr. Samuels, as jockey and cowboy respectively; and Theo. Rose, as the almighty dollar.

Merriment reigned supreme in the hall, and the cafe waiters can vouch for the statement that no one failed to get plenty of liquid and solid refreshment for the inner man.

Mr. A. L. Thomas had charge of the box office, and his courteous manner and native suavity made quite an impression on all who crossed the threshold.

Mr. Charles Lawrenz was floor manager, and had for his assistants Messrs. Kees, Salmon, Hummer, Wentz, Manning and Partington.

Messrs. James Nash, William Hutton, Herbert Fibiger, E. Manning, and Charles Partington, formed the reception Committee.

The arrangement Committee comprised Messrs. John B. Ward, A. L. Thomas, Morten Moses, Harry Dickerson, and E. Gaudersdorf.

The Reception Committee was made up as follows: James Nash, W. Hutton, H. Fibiger, John Newcomb, F. Purcell, and John Black.

The merriment was kept up till three o'clock in the morning, when the glims were doused and the weary but happy guest sought repose in the arms of Morpheus.

The officers of the Society are: Paul Kees, President; John B. Ward, Vice-President; Edward Manning, Recording Secretary; James Nash, Financial Secretary; Arthur L. Thomas, Treasurer; Morten Moses, Sergeant-at-arms.

The floor manager was Charles Lawrenz, and he acquitted himself very creditably.

So passed the annual ball of the New Jersey society of Deaf-Mutes. May they have better luck and more propitious weather next time.

Those present can not all be recalled to mind; but here are a few:—

Mr. and Mrs. George Witschief,

of Arlington, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Hutton and daughter, Nevada, Mr. Walter McDougal and Miss Crane, Misses Helen Housell, Rachel Moses, Hutchison, Kearney, Finn, Minnie Olin, Ada Van Ness, Messrs. Kohler, Abrams, Lounsbury, Pach, Vetterlein, Flannigan, Fox, Higgins, Theo. H. Rose, Manus, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Thomas, and others.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Prager announce the engagement between their daughter Rose and Simon Hirsch broken off.

The Social at the Parish Rooms of St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, Saturday evening, February 12th, was a success. The Rev. Mr. Mann takes this means of thanking those who were instrumental in bringing about the satisfactory result. On the following Sunday, the announced appointments were filled, with Infant Baptism at the afternoon service. The Dayton Service was quite well attended, despite the rainy weather. Mrs. Mann attended the Cincinnati social.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

FEBRUARY 27, FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.

St. Peter's Church, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M., and 3 P.M.

Dr. Gallaudet will lecture Tuesday evening, March 1st, Guild room of St. Matthew's Church.

Confirmation in St. Matthew's Church, Wednesday, March 30th, 8 P.M. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret for deaf-mutes.

Fair in aid of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, Tuesday and Wednesday after Easter, April 12th and 13th.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

27—10:30 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton. (Holy Communion.)
27—3:00 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton. (Holy Communion.)

MARCH.

6—10:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester. Holy Communion.
6—3:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester. Evening Prayer.

6—7:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester. Evening Prayer.
13—10:45 A.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo. Holy Communion.

13—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo. Evening Prayer.
Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27.
10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy, Morning Prayer.
3 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany, Evening Prayer (service in the church.)

SUNDAY, MARCH 6.
10:30 A.M., Christ Church, Herkimer, Morning Prayer.
3 P.M., Emmanuel Church, Little Falls, Evening Prayer.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13.
10:30 A.M., St. George's, Schenectady, address to the congregation.
3 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady, Evening Prayer in signs.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20.
7:30 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady, Confirmation.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22.
3 P.M., Emmanuel Church, Little Falls, Confirmation.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23.
10:30 A.M., Christ Church, Herkimer, Confirmation.

H. VAN ALLEN, Lay-Missionary.

Pennsylvania Notes.

Mr. Thomas Nankivell, of Bloomsburg, Pa., a tailor, was in Danville, Pa., on Monday.

Miss Maggie Treas, of Montour Co., Pa., left for home on Monday, after a pleasant visit at the home of her married sister in Bloomsburg.

Mr. Abraham Kline, of West Milton, Pa., a farmer, was registered at the Hedden House in Danville, on Saturday. He said he was going out West in search of work this spring.

Mr. Thomas Clarke, of Northumberland, Pa., was called to see his sick married sister some time ago. She is not expected to recover.

Mr. Walter Donachy, a mute tailor, died of consumption in Lewisburg, Pa., last month. He was educated at the Philadelphia (Broad Street) Institution.

REPORTER.

February 16, '98.

FANWOOD.

The U. S. Battle Ship
Maine.

AN EVENING WITH THE
F. L. A.

A Few News Items.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The news of the terrible catastrophe that has befallen the United States Battleship Maine, in the harbor of Havana, has electrified the people of this country to such a high pitch, that if it ever comes to pass that the results were from the hands of a foreigner outside, the ultimate consequences would be a terrible conflict. Happening as it did at a time when the relations of this government were intensely strained, adds all the more to what motives or causes lead to this unexpected wholesale loss of human life. It is hard to realize, that; after having been on this powerful engine of war, as it was moored to one of the docks in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, last June, to see that it is now a total wreck. Those of the readers of this paper, who have never been aboard one of these marine war engines, have no possible idea of the terribly destructive power hid in her gigantic guns. Last summer when I gave your readers a brief description of my visit to this ship, I omitted many important things attached to it. Now that this ship has been brought to the notice of the whole world through the misfortune that has befallen it, it is appropriate that some further remarks should be made at the present moment. At the time I boarded her, I was unknown to any one, but an officer, who approached me, and afterwards took me on a tour of inspection, made me feel he was a friend, for he assured me that he had never seen a deaf person before. I therefore accepted his hospitality and gave him a brief account of the methods of educating the deaf, the sign-language and manual alphabets, etc. The result was that a host of other high officials gathered around us in the officers' messroom. I assured them that I was more curious to know about their ship than they could be about what I had been telling them.

There were altogether 372 officers and seamen combined, and a finer lot of men I have never approached anywhere. The officers were in undress uniform, while the seamen wore the regulation colored (navy-blue) blouse and jacket.

The ship was divided into many compartments, just as a house is into rooms. Every thing was in its place and cleanliness was apparent on all sides. Hanging overhead, below deck, were several Whitehead Torpedoes. A deadly machine used in destroying the enemy's ships.

Few have any idea what a magazine is. This is a steel casement eight feet high, seven feet wide, and of different lengths. Inside it has pockets like the boxes in a safe deposit vault. In these boxes, which are water-tight, is placed the powder, gun-cotton and other explosives. The temperature is controlled so as not to allow the room to become overheated when closed, which would result fatally if it did. The Captain is custodian of the keys, and a rigid inspection is made of these magazines before the keys are delivered to him for the night.

The engine room is probably the most instructive of the whole ship. The brass fittings were polished to a burnished pitch, and an intricate mass of cogs, drivers, and bars, confronted me. Upon deck was the steering apparatus, and dials with figure hands that would point in any direction the levers were moved, so as to allow the navigator to understand the ship's course, were hanging around. The compass is always adjusted by an inspector before the ship leaves port. In severe weather it is placed in alcohol to keep it from freezing. All regulated ships have a code of signals, which are used by the mariners through out the world. They consist of many varieties of colored flags, and when the captain desires to communicate with a passing vessel or steamship he informs the Ensign, who is responsible for the flags, and this official at once proceeds to carry out the desired order by attaching such flags in the code needed and hoisting them to the view of the passing ship, who in return signals in reply. The captain keeps what is called in Naval parlance a Log. This is nothing more than a book in which is posted the things that transpire during the day, whether the ship is in port or on the high seas.

There were at the time of my visit two large coal barges alongside the ship, and the crew were filling the bunkers, and some idea of the immense carrying capacity

can be gained when I tell you—that there was then nearly six thousand tons of coal stored in the holds. The officers' quarters were located abaft the engine room, and that of the seamen forward, directly over the magazine for the 8-inch rifles. Strict discipline was noticed aboard, and it is probably due to this that no more lives were sacrificed. Every man of them had his duty, and there was no shirking that. The largest number under any one officer was under the chief engineer, the man who next to the captain practically runs the ship. It must not be supposed these men only looked after the propelling machinery. Oh, no! there were engines for pumping, for steering, for supplying a forced draught for the furnace, ventilating fans, etc. A forced draught is one that is manufactured by the revolution of huge fans, the air passing through pipes to the furnace were it aids in increasing the heat on the surface of the furnace, which would otherwise be less on account of the distance below decks.

Coal was brought to the furnace feeders in baskets from the bunkers, by an army of stokers.

In type of build this ship was ranked second class, and was constructed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Her armor plates came from Pennsylvania. Standing in the bow and looking in the opposite direction, I could see the muzzles of the big guns protruding from the turrets, also the captain's gig, and many smaller boats. In time of hostility, everything above deck is sent below, the anchors are heavily chained so as to prevent them from dropping overboard, a thing which would happen from the terrible force of the concussion when the guns were discharged. I would like to tell you readers everything the officers told me, but time and space forbids, therefore I must cut my note short. But before concluding I wish to give you a picture of this ship as she now is. Before me lies a copy of the *Herald* with an illustration of this unfortunate ship. When I beheld her she was a typical engine of destruction; now she lies in the waters of the harbor of Havana a mass of battered and worthless pieces of machinery. Alas! such is fate.

The literary Association was entertained Saturday evening by readings, dialogues, and a debate. First in order was a reading of "Down Hill Against Time," by Miss E. M. Anderson.

This was followed by a debate on the following question: "Resolved, that the present conditions of life are more conducive to improvement than those of the past." Miss A. L. McPhail and Mr. L. A. Cohen up-held the affirmative, Miss A. Judge and J. H. Keiser the negative. The Judges were Miss E. M. Anderson and Messrs. Rappholdt and Mayer. The result of the judges' deliberations was in favor of the affirmative, by a vote of 14 to 12.

This was followed by another reading "The little Joker," by Miss Lydia Smith. The meeting was concluded by the Jokers, consisting of Messrs. Rappholdt and Mayer.

A game of basket ball was played in the gymnasium of the Institution Saturday afternoon, between the Washington Heights Y. M. C. A. Juniors and our junior team, and resulted in a score of 15 to 2 in favor of our boys.

Prof. W. G. Jones, who has been reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the pupils for past few weeks, concluded the story Sunday. It was a very interesting and graphic recitation of slave life in the sixties, and when he finished many eyes were tear-dimmed, through seeing the sad way in which Uncle Tom gained his heavenly reward.

An edict has been put forth quarantining the whole Institution on account of the prevalence of measles.

In our next letter we will give an account of the Washington Birthday exercises.

W. G. SHANKS.

A KLONDIKE ICE.

It is in reality nothing more than a roughly shaped cake of rich ice cream, of any flavor preferred, but so artfully tinted by a secret process that it shows a deep gold color. This big lump of frozen cream, which is obviously intended to represent an impossible big nugget of purest rough gold, is encased in an inch-thick covering of crystal clear jelly, which gleams and glitters at every point with tiny specks of gilt foil, until the aspect is quite a large lump of the precious metal frozen into ice that is also full of frozen chips. It is the custom at dinners now to pass one big Klondike ice about the table, or to serve every guests a special nugget with gold-sprinkled casing of clear jelly.

Naturalists say that, in proportion to their size, spiders are seven times as strong as lions.

A heart without love is like a violin without strings.

There are 32 cities in Austria with populations exceeding 20,000.

The Saw-Fish.

One of the most remarkable creatures I ever beheld was a huge saw-fish which was captured by a party of seine fishermen in the waters of the Halifax River, Florida, says a recent visitor to that State. In all my readings and experience I never imagined the saw-fish ever grew to such tremendous proportions, but I was told by the captors of this great fish that while ordinary specimens frequently weighed 200, 400 and 600 pounds each, others passed far beyond these dimensions, and reached as much as 800 and 1000 pounds in weight.

The monster that it was my good fortune to see made a prisoner weighed 975 pounds, and his snout was armed with a broad, double-edged saw, six feet in length.

Many readers confound this creature with the sword-fish, but the two species are totally different, the saw-fish belonging to the group of rays and sharks. The sword-fish is closely allied to the mackerel family, especially to that gaint of his species known as the horse mackerel.

The fishermen were seining as usual for mullet, when the huge fish plunged into the net, tearing and ripping the strands beyond all repair, but at the sametime getting himself so tangled and mixed up that, in spite of his great weight and mighty strength, he was made a prisoner.

I saw him beached, and when a couple of half-hitches were passed around his flippers, and he was hauled high and dry on the sand, his antics were so peculiarly lively that his captors thought best to retire to a safe distance.

His body was a precise model of an enormous blue shark, including the pointed dorsal fin and muscular, fan-like tail. But the most curious thing about the fellow was the half-dozen pilot-fish, which elung by means of suckers to the monster's back.

Naturalists are unaware of the fact that all saw-fish are accompanied on their foraging expeditions by pilots, which swim before the big one, each side of the snout or saw, and guide their patron to the schools of mullet which swarm in the waters of Florida. Indeed, I never heard of this curious fact until it was assured beyond all doubt by actual observation. The small pilot-fish lead their great companion to the shoals of mullet, where he lays about vigorously with his serrated saw, charging into them and striking right and left, which results in the killing or disabling of great numbers of fish.

The pilots evidently have "an ax to grind" in thus shrewdly remaining an ally to the saw-fish; for, while they are safe from the assaults of sharks, tarpon and others, which would prey upon them had they not a protector in the saw-fish, they not only secure a meal whenever they want it from the many destroyed and mutilated mullet crushed by the big one, but also it would seem that their huge comrade never at any time has a desire to dine upon his diminutive guides. It may be surmised that, after steering their champion to the spot, they discreetly remain in the rear until the carnage is complete; when they hurry to the front and participate in the feast so cruelly prepared.

Florida fishermen declare—and it was certainly true in the capture referred to—that in deep water pilot-fish swim before and on each side of the saw; but, on reaching shoal water, they attach themselves to the mosaic like back of the large fish by means of an oval sucker, so firmly and securely that it is next to impossible to detach them except by severing with a knife their tenacious grip. The sucker of a pilot-fish resembles the sole of a rubber shoe, and it is remarkable what powers of adhesion this curious contrivance of nature is capable.

Some years ago the lighthouse-keeper at Jupiter Inlet on the Atlantic coast observed a tremendous commotion about a mile seaward, accompanied by numerous splittings and tail thrashings which indicated that a whale was engaged in a combat with some other denizen of the deep. It chanced that the drift of hostilities brought both combatants nearer to the shore, until it was possible to determine by means of a glass the individuality of the mighty rivals. The sea was calm and the principals in the encounter were too much engaged in their own affairs to notice the intrusion of outsiders; accordingly the light-keeper and his assistant, who had approached quite near in a lifeboat, were able to distinguish the smooth, oily body of a sperm whale, and the checker-board hide of a huge saw-fish engaged in deadly conflict.

The fight was long and severe. The saw-fish would viciously thrust its armed beak into the soft blubber-covered body of the cetacean, while the tortured whale, whirling in all directions, made frantic attempts to strike his agile opponent with his tail, any blow of which would have hopelessly crushed the saw-fish and put an end to the fight. The latter was evidently getting the best of it, when both combat-

ants were stranded on the bar and lay there helplessly splashing about in vain attempts to get back into deep water.

The men in the boat now approached near enough to deliver several shots in vital parts, and the tide, fast receding, soon left the two great fish high and dry. An examination showed the saw-fish to be practically unharmed except by the bullets of the light-keepers; while, on the other hand, the whale's carcass was badly mutilated and stripped, which left no room for doubt that he would have been ultimately defeated, and probably killed, by his small though more agile, opponent.

HOW THE UNITED STATES BECAME LARGER.

When Washington was a young man, the French claimed all the land west of the Alleghany Mountains. If the French had succeeded in holding all this western country, the United States would always have been only a little strip of thirteen States along the Atlantic coast, reaching from Maine to Georgia. But by conquering Canada the English got possession of all the territory east of the Mississippi River. This was given up to England by the French in the treaty made twelve years before the Revolutionary War. Daniel Boone and other settlers soon afterwards crossed the mountains and began to take possession of the great West.

During the first year of the Revolution, no care was taken to drive the British from the forts in the West. But in 1778 George Rogers Clark led a little band of Kentucky settlers through the wilderness to the Mississippi River, where he captured the British fort at Kaskaskia, in what is now Illinois. He then marched eastward and captured Vincennes, in the present State of Indiana. These and other victories of Clark gave the United States, at the close of the war, a claim to all the country lying east of the Mississippi.

In 1803, twenty-one years after the close of the Revolutionary War, President Jefferson bought from France all that large region beyond the Mississippi River known then as Louisiana. It has since been cut up into many States and Territories. The size of the country was more than doubled when Louisiana was added to it.

The province of Louisiana did not reach to the westward of the Rocky Mountains. But in 1791, before Louisiana was bought, Robert Gray, the first sea captain that ever carried the American flag around the world, discovered the river Oregon, which he called the Columbia, after the name of his ship. After Jefferson had bought Louisiana for the United States, he sent the explorers Lewis and Clark with a party to examine the western part of the new territory, and so on to the Pacific. These men were two years and four months making the trip from St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean and back. They reached the ocean in 1805, and spent the winter at the mouth of the Columbia River. The "Oregon Country," as it was called, was then an unclaimed wilderness, and the discovery of the river by Captain Gray, with the exploration of the country by Lewis and Clark, gave the United States a claim to it.

The peninsula of Florida was occupied by the Spaniards more than forty years before the first colony of English people landed at Jamestown. From the time the colonies were settled, there were many quarrels between the people of this country and the Spanish inhabitants of Florida. But in 1821, Florida was bought from Spain, and became a part of the United States.

Mexico, which was at first a Spanish colony, rebelled against Spain, and secured its independence. One of the States of the Mexican Republic was Texas. Americans who had settled in Texas got into a dispute with the government of Mexico. This took the form of a revolution, and Texas became an independent republic, under a president of its own. In 1845 this republic of Texas was annexed to the United States by its own consent, and has been from that time the largest States in the Union.

The Mexicans, though driven out of Texas, were quite unwilling to lose so large a territory. The annexation of Texas to the United States led to a war with Mexico, which lasted two years. During this war the United States troops took from Mexico, California, on the Pacific coast, and a large region known as New Mexico, in the interior. At the close of the war, in 1847, this territory was retained by the United States, which paid to Mexico \$15,000,000 for it. Another small tract was bought from Mexico in 1851, which we may account part of the addition from Mexico in consequence of the war, and consider the two together.

The only land under the government of the United States which lies separate from the rest is Alaska. This was bought from Russia in 1867. The United States is thus made up of eight parts. There is, first, the country as it was at the

close of the Revolutionary War, and then seven additions made at different times.—*Eggleston's First Book in American History.*

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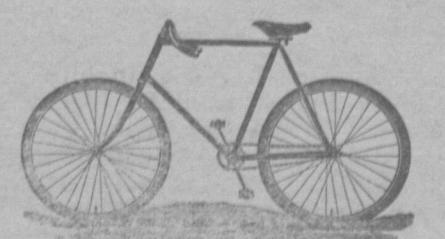
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